

E. M. T. H. S.

SENIOR BOOSTER

**ISSUE OF THE
JUNE 1920 CLASS**

TO our sponsor, Miss Knox, in
appreciation of her countless
services and constant guidance, we,
the class of '20, affectionately dedi-
cate this Senior Booster.

Will D.



CLASS OF JUNE 1920

HISTORY OF THE 1920 CLASS

FORREST TALBOTT, Historian

In 1916 and 1917 there arrived at our famous school many young and bright boys and girls striving upward on the broad road to knowledge. They were very much like their predecessors, climbing the spiral stairs to find the lunch room, hunting for the elevator, and frequently visiting the office for tardy slips. After a long, hard struggle they became seniors. Then they had to have a party to get acquainted, which was held in the gym at roll call, and was very successful except so far as getting acquainted is concerned.

Early in the term they held their first meeting, and adopted the constitution of the June 1918 class. From the several famous and handsome nominees, Glenn Kingham, whose blonde hair and silvery tongue won the vote on the south side of the auditorium, was chosen for the office of president. The vice-presidency went to Susie Harmon, a petite miss with large brown eyes, the effect of which was shown in the vote she received from the north of the auditorium. Then, thinking that it would be appropriate to put brunettes in the other two offices, they elected as secretary Elmer Shakel, he with the beautiful jet locks and serious secretarial expression, and as treasurer Catherine Carnes, whose reputation for honesty was more widespread than Abraham Lincoln's.

To end the numerous quarrels and disputes in the halls the class color was next selected—Green!, but a quiet campaign carried on by the girls resulted in a real battle at the next meeting, and when those senior boys regained consciousness they found out that blue had been chosen.

Many people did not seem to realize the importance of these seniors, some of them even going so far as to pass them without noticing them, wherefore they decided that each one of them wear a pin by which they might be distinguished from the common herd. Wanting something original, they chose the design submitted by Lenore Lorentz. Then they had the privilege of explaining to some stupid people what the x's stood for. Prepared thus they attended the Ivy Day evercises of the January, 1920, class, at which President Cleaver presented

the silver trowel to President Kingham. Because their pins did not attract enough attention the class decided to wear some kind of insignia that would, and chose the armband designed by Russel Lovelace. To prevent anyone's thinking they were Shortridgers, they decided that the blue on the armband should be very light.

Much talk among the seniors concerning dandelions and orchids showed that the important question of selecting a class flower was coming up, and at their next meeting this question was decided by the selection of the Russel Rose, with the Ophelia and Aaron Ward running close second. After undergoing the strain of so much business, the June '20's followed the orders of their physician to take a rest and for amusement during their vacation, had Lauren Stokesberry and Josephine Osborne entertain them. On the day before Thanksgiving they went to a dance given by room 47. When all of them had recovered from the effects of big Thanksgiving dinners, they were called on to sell Red Cross Seals and Health Bonds. When the need of this money was explained the seniors responded willingly, and on the following Monday were dismissed to canvass the city. The prize for selling the most, of course, went to a June senior, Jessie Rybolt.

How they had lived for three months without a yell leader is a puzzling question, but then you might expect anything from such a class as the June '20 class. Before the election the nominees were allowed to demonstrate their ability. George Hider gave an entertaining exhibition of the proper method of washing clothes, which was well appreciated by everyone, but Lorin Shulz was given the preference in the vote.

Seniors are usually very kind and thoughtful, and the members of this class were not exceptions; therefore according to a custom established sometime before, they held a party in the gym to which each one brought a gift—that is almost each one. The rest gave money with which gifts were purchased. Though many a senior, and especially Gerald McGee and

Thomas Seburn, was seen gazing longingly at these toys, they were all sent to the day nursery where they were appreciated. Being well satisfied with the amount of business accomplished, the class set off the next two weeks for a vacation, but two weeks was a long time to be separated, and December 26, found them in the gym to watch the state team defeated by the alumni and to dance.

When these seniors came back after their vacation they found that they must again settle the question of the class color, for none of the desired shade of velvet ribbon could be found. Fearful lest they might become embroiled in another dispute, they left the decision in the hands of a committee which chose blue satin ribbon instead of velvet. By several months' pleading, the motto committee obtained five rare and suitable mottos, from which was selected "Today We Launch, Where Shall We Anchor?" At the invitation of the Januaries the class attended a party and played a basket ball game to establish their much disputed superiority, which they didn't. As usual music was furnished by Manual's famous jazz orchestra, and this orchestra certainly deserves credit for making the parties during the year so successful. After this the Junes bade the Januaries a tearful adieu, but in their four years' stay the Januaries had come to love the school so much that they decided in favor of remaining until June.

With most of the work finished, the second term was commenced with much confidence and "pep." Since there could be no better officers anywhere all of them were re-elected. Looking forward to their departure from school life they chose a will-maker, Frank Smith, and then, of course they wanted to know about their hereafter, and chose Alfred Noll, prophet. This extraordinary young man at the time of his election was found in the guise of act "B" in a local theater. The bill boards outside proclaimed "To him the past is like an open book—with blank pages, the future like a crystal globe—with nothing in it."

A last call for banners issued before Ivy Day brought forth several remarkable designs from which Robert Porterfield's was chosen. The idea embodied in the motto was well carried out in this design and—wasn't our ship going fast? Since they were as fond of their appearance as most seniors they had their pictures taken, and to do this deed selected Bretzman, a man who had won great fame making people look better than they really are. Having made such a good record, the members of this class wished other classes to remember them, and to keep this class always before them as a model of perfection, and decided that the best means of doing this was by presenting each semester two medals on the basis of scholarship.

Following a custom inaugurated in 1909 by Miss Foy they celebrated Ivy Day. Music was furnished by the Essex Sisters, the class poem read by Margaret Bishop, songs written by Anna Greenspan and Pauline Ingalls sung. The exercises were closed with a masque written by Charles Millholland and the Ivy vine planted on the west side of the building near the machine shop. On May 14, the entire class went to a farewell dance given by the January, '21's. The sadness which is supposed to prevail at farewell parties was certainly lacking here, and—thanks Januaries. On May 19, 20, 21, the people of Indianapolis were given the opportunity of seeing some of the best plays ever produced in this city, namely the June '20 class plays. "Beauty and the Jacobin," and "The Pool of Answers," were the plays presented.

Success always attracts attention and admiration, and in closing the history of the June '20 class, I hope that everyone who admires the success of this class will not forget that this success could not have been possible without the untiring efforts of our sponser, Miss Knox, the careful coaching of the plays by Miss Perkins, the willing help and encouragement of Miss Brady, Miss Hill, Miss Izor, Mrs. Saylor, Mr. Ammerman, and the editors of the Booster, Walton Cash and Will Depperman.

THE BOOSTER

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In 1820 a man built a log cabin near the west fork of White river, and so Indianapolis began. The splendid locality of the cabin influenced immigrants to build others, until a village developed. With the invention of factory machinery and the improvement in the means of transportation, the village grew into the city of Indianapolis. Now it celebrates its one hundredth birthday with a population of over 300,000.

In 1895 a man founded M. T. H. S. in this city. It was a small school at first, consisting of only two minor buildings. Two hundred students, taught by a small faculty, completed the school. This school developed with the city, until in buildings, equipment, and number of students, it has more than doubled. Over 1,000 students, in academic and athletic contests have added to its prestige and

good name. Appropriate to this growth was the renaming of the school after its early founder, Chas. E. Emmerich Manual Training High School.

In 1916, a new group of freshmen entered this school. With each year spent here they developed both physically and mentally until now, this June of 1920, they are ready to be graduated. This class has been exceptionally fortunate in that it is organized when the city celebrates its centennial and the school its quarter centennial. The June '20 class had the honor of helping celebrate the 25th birthday of the school and will have the honor of assisting in the city's centennial jubilee, in the same year in which they receive their diplomas. These celebrations include the laying of a corner stone for a new building which will make a greater E. M. T. H. S.

Ought not a class contemporaneous with such other splendid activities, always actively support the school, and ought not the individuals of it O. K. the reputation behind them, and make good, active citizens, of this city and country?

Education is not essentially Latin or Greek, but is a preparation of the mind and body for work after the school course is completed. Anything that tends to establish habits of study or healthful habits is a logical part of the school curriculum.

Athletics, instead of being the diversion of a few, should be a part of every student's activities because a successful athlete must have habits promoting health. This is proved by Carl Brady, Kansas athlete, age 22 years, who won the Pentathlon at the 1920 Penn Relays. He says, "Early to bed, no liquor, no smokes, and a wholesome outdoor life have contributed to my success as an athlete."



ATHLETIC REVIEW

To say the very least, our class has contributed its share of this season's athletes. Just look around and take an inventory.

A biffy big broad jumper, hurdler, and a darting dash man, and a fellow who makes successful tries at every kind of athletics and wins when he has just half a chance, that is Jimmy Sommers to a letter. He's got the dope and knows how to put it over.

Rather small, but plumb full of muscles and stamina, and the accompanying zip, push and ability that goes to make one of the best athletes ever produced at Manual, is a good way to introduce Clinton Whitney. At our track meets you see a flash; biff and another record is broken by Clint. Some day maybe you'll see what a blouncing boxer he is—if you read the headlines of the sport page.

Leslie DeMotte, the essay profiteer, also has been giving some of these old-timers a few instructions in advanced work in the high jump. He is a first year man but has taken down many of the puffy birds down state and elsewhere. Edward Hyde, basketballer, showed some of the fellows from Shortridge and Tech last fall the art of playing basketball. Orville Speer, hard boiled leather booted person, has been throwing dust in our worthy opponents' eyes of late in the dashes. Come to think about it, our class is not half bad. We have a nifty bunch of athletes with us.

OUR CLASS

Did I hear some pitiful pessimistic pest say that this has been a poor year in athletics? If you ever said that, just spread your ears and listen.

When it comes to athletics, any size, amount or quality we are expected to

win. Basketball is usually our long suit, but last year Tech showed a team of five green and white aces, to our bad luck, and cleaned things up in this section. Our team consisted of Strain, both Harmesons, Buschell, Wertz, Whitney, Hyde, Summers and Mercer. Coach Morrison, of course, did all he could to give us the stuff, but the dope bucket leaked and with all that good team work and passing, we failed to place our team in the Hall of Fame. In the City League, Tech kicked another goal; even at that we still claim we had the best all around team in the whole town, in the Monogram Team. It consisted of Schuller, Cohen, Hofman, Glossbrenner, Bowers, Harmeson and Hyde. This team of Coach Tricky's was absolutely unmastered and invulnerable.

This year's track team was organized early. It entered one meet in which thirteen teams took part. Our team easily won, while every man on the team was a scorer. There were two triangular meets, both of which, as would be expected, were easily won. But of all these victories there was one defeat, by Martinsville, with a score of 50-49.

In the annual Freshman Track Meet Daniel Clark, the highpoint man, won a sweater and several medals. Lowell Sparks and Julius Kleeman won out in golf and tennis respectively last fall.

We were surprised when we heard of our track teams' being defeated at the sectional. We thought our team was undefeatable and still claim that in a dual meet we can beat any team in the section.

Well Tech, since you won both the basketball sectional and track sectional, here's good luck and more victories.



WILL MAKER
AND THE VICE



OUR PRES.



HAPPY



PALS



JUNK



Jim

HAR



PRES. MASOMAS



MAY QUEEN



CL



ART ED



ON A BOULDER



WINNERS!



AS SHE IS



S PLAY



CATHRYN



ELEANOR



1920 MASOMA CLUB

I remember the first day I entered Manual as a Freshman I was first the usual frightened Freshman girl, and you may know what a relief it was to me when a Masoma girl volunteered to explain things. Along with other timid Freshettes I was piloted through the buildings and introduced to my new school home. The Masoma girl explained to us the ideals, the interests and the activities of the school, encouraging our wavering spirits with the information that an older sister would be assigned to aid us in every activity of our school life.

"Now, I, too, want to be a Masoma and help promote the welfare of Man-

ual, by helping make the girls in the school happier girls, better students and more valuable members of the student body," I thought to myself.

The Masoma Club was organized February, 1913, by Mrs. Rehm. At first there were three sponsors, Miss Donnan, Miss Emery, and Mrs. Rehm, but now, only Mrs. Rehm pilots the Masoma ship.

Any girl in English V is eligible if she has no office record, averages B in scholarship and is willing to carry on the standards of Manual by encouraging efficiency, modesty, truthfulness, honor and service.



YE BOOSTER STAFF



1920 ROINES CLUB

There is a club at school in which every underclassman looks forward to joining. He first knows it at the Freshman track meet, and later he finds the club's members doing everything that benefits the school. He knows the club as the supporter of sports, as a friend to discourage athletes, and as the live wire of the school. Can you

blame him for planning to join this club—the Roines Club?

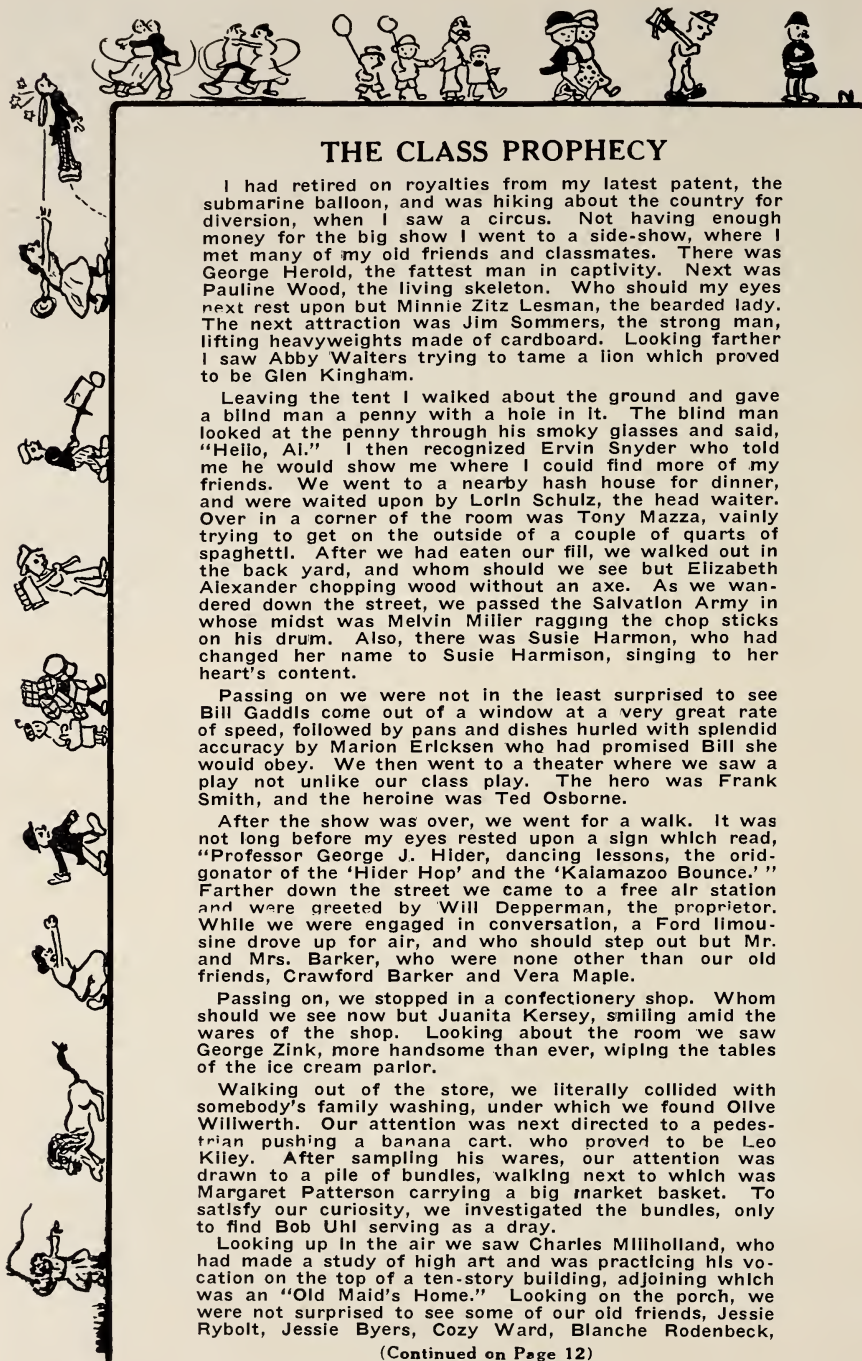
The officers of this year's club are Roy Geider, president; Robert Knip-tash, vice-president; Raymond Mitchell, secretary; Harry Johnson, treasurer. To be eligible a senior boy must have an average of at least a B during his Junior year, and not have an office record.

THE FADING SKY.

The sky was all a luminous grey,
 Save where beyond the fringe of trees
 Black pencilled on the smoke,
 There sank the sun,
 A disk of ancient colored ivory
 —Warm tinted, yet pale
 As any Chinese moon,
 Before whose dying face,
 The swelling buds were tossed
 By winds in frantic parting.

NIGHT'S JEWELS.

The silver chalice of the rising moon
 Is scattering from its downturned rim
 The jeweled stars of early night
 To sparkle on the darkening velvet.



THE CLASS PROPHECY

I had retired on royalties from my latest patent, the submarine balloon, and was hiking about the country for diversion, when I saw a circus. Not having enough money for the big show I went to a side-show, where I met many of my old friends and classmates. There was George Herold, the fattest man in captivity. Next was Pauline Wood, the living skeleton. Who should my eyes next rest upon but Minnie Zitz Lesman, the bearded lady. The next attraction was Jim Sommers, the strong man, lifting heavyweights made of cardboard. Looking farther I saw Abby Walters trying to tame a lion which proved to be Glen Kingham.

Leaving the tent I walked about the ground and gave a blind man a penny with a hole in it. The blind man looked at the penny through his smoky glasses and said, "Hello, Al." I then recognized Ervin Snyder who told me he would show me where I could find more of my friends. We went to a nearby hash house for dinner, and were waited upon by Lorin Schulz, the head waiter. Over in a corner of the room was Tony Mazza, vainly trying to get on the outside of a couple of quarts of spaghetti. After we had eaten our fill, we walked out in the back yard, and whom should we see but Elizabeth Alexander chopping wood without an axe. As we wandered down the street, we passed the Salvation Army in whose midst was Melvin Miller ragging the chop sticks on his drum. Also, there was Susie Harmon, who had changed her name to Susie Harmison, singing to her heart's content.

Passing on we were not in the least surprised to see Bill Gaddls come out of a window at a very great rate of speed, followed by pans and dishes hurled with splendid accuracy by Marlon Erlicksen who had promised Bill she would obey. We then went to a theater where we saw a play not unlike our class play. The hero was Frank Smith, and the heroine was Ted Osborne.

After the show was over, we went for a walk. It was not long before my eyes rested upon a sign which read, "Professor George J. Hider, dancing lessons, the originator of the 'Hider Hop' and the 'Kalamazoo Bounce.'" Farther down the street we came to a free air station and were greeted by Will Depperman, the proprietor. While we were engaged in conversation, a Ford limousine drove up for air, and who should step out but Mr. and Mrs. Barker, who were none other than our old friends, Crawford Barker and Vera Maple.

Passing on, we stopped in a confectionery shop. Whom should we see now but Juanita Kersey, smiling amid the wares of the shop. Looking about the room we saw George Zink, more handsome than ever, wiping the tables of the ice cream parlor.

Walking out of the store, we literally collided with somebody's family washing, under which we found Olive Willwerth. Our attention was next directed to a pedestrian pushing a banana cart, who proved to be Leo Kiley. After sampling his wares, our attention was drawn to a pile of bundles, walking next to which was Margaret Patterson carrying a big market basket. To satisfy our curiosity, we investigated the bundles, only to find Bob Uhl serving as a dray.

Looking up in the air we saw Charles Millholland, who had made a study of high art and was practicing his vocation on the top of a ten-story building, adjoining which was an "Old Maid's Home." Looking on the porch, we were not surprised to see some of our old friends, Jessie Rybolt, Jessie Byers, Cozy Ward, Blanche Rodenbeck,

(Continued on Page 12)

WILL

We, the members of the June '20 class, realizing that we can show only in a small measure, our appreciation for the lasting benefits derived from Manual, sincerely hope that the existence of the high ideals and the wonderful work of the school, shall go on forever. So to our Alma Mater, we mournfully and reluctantly make, publish, and declare, our last will and testament as follows:

1. We hereby direct that our beloved faculty resume the management of the school's affairs, which have, for the past half-year been run successfully?? by our class.

2. We give and bequeath to Robert Uhl of the Jan. '21, class the exceptional ability of Glenn Kingham who not only as president of our class and as a fiery orator has gained world renown, but has also proved himself the champion time-killer by his arguments in Miss Thale's Civics class.

3. We give Susie Harman's "Smile of Smiles," her sparkling eyes and charming manners to—to—well now—it's rather difficult to say who would treasure them most, besides we shouldn't give away all we have, so let's don't, and say we did, and keep her ourselves as long as we can.

4. We hereby direct that the following books, written by the literary minds of the class, be left to adorn some conspicuous shelf of our new library: "The Supremacy of Women," by Olive Willwerth; "How to Become Handsome," by Leslie DeMotte; "My Experience on the Stage," by Anne Greenspan.

5. We give and bequeath to our delicately featured Carl Wundrum, the "Pride of Manual," the height, width and thickness, of Karl Klaiber's preponderous bulk.

6. We order and direct that a chiropodist's parlor be instituted in connection with our new \$10,000 rest room, in order to care for George Hider's victims, a number of which he makes at every dance down in the gym.

7. We bestow upon some innocent Freshman, Charles Millholland's ability to select and direct comedies, so that others may yet enjoy his keen sense of humor.

8. We hereby declare our appreciation to Mr. Sanders and Sergeant Schull, who by their unexcelled diplomacy, successfully warded off an attempted foreign invasion of this fair institution on that memorable day of April 9.

9. We give and bequeath to "Princess Pat," better known as Margaret Patterson, a palatial home within the city limits, thus enabling Robert Uhl, and her other countless admirers to catch an owl and get home at a reasonable hour of the morning.

10. We leave for consideration by our able Major James Sommer, a compilation of collected excuses, offered by "Greased Lightning" Clint Whitney, in his many efforts to cut drill, and "get away with it."

11. We grant to Josephine Osborne the privilege of loving and supporting "Poison Ivy" Stokesberry the rest of her days, of course we mean dramatically.

12. We order and direct, that the agony, created by Snyder, Harris, Schultz and Hyde be left to Mr. Sanders, hoping that he will dispose of it as quickly as possible.

13. We give and bequeath the sum of \$1,000,000 from our overflowing treasury to the government, in recompense for all dilapidated, worn out uniforms, soleless shoes, and broken arms.

14. We hereby direct that our conspicuous wall-flowers, John Whitney, Vernon Martin, Gerald McGee, and Will Depperman, shall be plucked tonight, thus giving way to the January's, who think they will make agreeable gym decorations.

15. We leave to Coach Morrison, a formidable group of athletes, who, with the Harmie's and Wertz as a nucleus, should make a basketball team that would add honor and fame to Manual in '21.

16. We leave to the future classes our loyal and energetic sponsors, Miss Knox, Miss Hill, and Miss Brady.

17. We extend our heartiest appreciation to the other faculty members for their efforts to make the class history a successful one.

18. Lastly we appoint E. H. Kemper McComb, executor of this our last will and testament.

FRANK C. SMITH,
WILL-MAKER.

PHOOLISHNESS

Orville Speer is a woman hater, but we notice that he just can't refrain from talking to them.

George Washington washed this country and Woodrow Wilson dried it.

T'was a summer's day in winter,
The snow was falling fast—
While a barefoot boy with shoes on
Stood sitting in the grass.

I went to the movies tomorrow,
Took a front seat in the back,
Fell from the pit to the gallery
And broke the front part of my back.
Transcribed by E. H.

Joke—George Hider.

If George Herold would drink a bottle of red ink he would make a good thermometer.

As an outfielder, Morgan Burke, is a good fly-catcher.

Miss Helming: "Who was Venus?"
Karl Bruns: "Goddess of Love."
Miss Helming: "NO."

James: "Well, anyway, Cupid did all the dirty work."

We sincerely hope that Edna Gossett and Franklin Thayer will have all their pennies saved up in time for the trip.

Wilbur Ditterick: "That president held cabinet meetings in the kitchen."

Ray Partee: "O that was a kitchen cabinet."

Miss Brady: "For Composition tomorrow I want you to write a friendly letter."

Loren Schultz: "To what degree of intimacy is this letter supposed to be?"

Miss Brady: "Seniors will be childish every now and then."

Ted Osborne and Frank Smith request that the last five minutes of the class play be rehearsed numerous times.

Margaret Bishop, one day while in a preoccupied mood was asked by a friend, "What kind of shoes are you going to have for graduation?" "White organdy ones," she replied.

Elsie Underwood in Literature VIII:
Breathes there a man—
Whose heart has ne'er within him
turned (?).

Mr. Money: Bismarck's policy was an extremely bloody one, can any one state it in just two or three words?

Marion Ericson: Nuxated Iron.

Chemical Action.

A chemist dropped a burning match IN² some TNT.

Poor man, there was but one thing left AS^cRA^p of BVD.

With the aid of his bald head and heavy beard, Vernon Martin starred as Abe Lincoln in the class play.

Raw.

Heard during Senior Booster meeting.—Al Noll, "Have you any athletic pictures for the Booster, Ross?"

Bob Ross, "Yes I have one of Ted Osborne."

[Continued from Page 10]

Naomi Newby, Mary Rucker, and Louise Schneider. To our surprise, we saw a home for unmarried men across the street, the members of which were Lauren Stokesberry, Graeme O'Daniel, Elmer Schakel, and Orville Speer.

Our eyes next rested on a lonely looking young damsel walking down the street who proved to be Cathryn Miller. Upon seeing her, Snyder very emotionally exclaimed, "My little long lost wife," and flew to her arms. At this point the oracle ceased to move. The seance was over.

—Alfred Noll.

IVY POEM

A hundred years—it seems but a day—
Since calm and stillness o'er this coun-
try lay.

Long years ago in the wilderness wide,
Here dwelt the native of times gone
by.

At last a mighty people westward
came

With inspirations and hopes most high.
They caused a city to leap to fame;
A marvelous city which grew and grew
Steadily, courageously, and peacefully
too,

A city of honor, of strength, of learn-
ing,
Virtues which grew as the years went
by.

Noble inspirations these hearts filled
With yearnings high of hopes to give
To their children what their own lives
missed.

Colleges and schools they built most
enduring;

Among these schools of fame and re-
nown,

Emmerich Manual sprang into being,
Charles Emmerich, the founder, ever
loyal and true,

Twenty-five years ago, breathed in this
school

A spirit noble, loving, and so true,
That each graduating class an ivy vine
leaves

To honor the spirit which must ever
endure.

Then today, as a class, together we
come,

Our ivy to leave, to be forgotten by
none.

And as our ivy reaches onward to the
height of the tower,

May we struggle to climb with it hour
by hour.

As tomorrow becomes today, and life
goes fleeting by,

Our ivy vine will guide us and lead us
to things most high.

Today it brightens and softens the sad-
ness of this parting hour,

For the ivy embodies our spirit—a
spirit which refuses to say adieu.

—Margaret Bishop.

**TODAY WE LAUNCH,
WHERE SHALL WE
ANCHOR?**